

First Anniversary -- Isn't That Firecrackers?

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Summary: Patrick and Teresa's first anniversary, and their first night out since the new baby. I like how they celebrate in this one-shot. Hope you enjoy it. I'll never stop dreaming about these two! Warning for strong content. If you don't like that stuff, don't read this. Disclaimer: I own nothing about The Mentalist.

First Anniversary -- Isn't That Firecrackers?

**A/N Thanks to everyone who's been asking me for stories. You encourage me and that's a very big thing. Sorry it took so long. Sorry if I'm a bit creaky. xo**

Little and thriving. Kicking fuzzy blue booties at the hem of a chambray nightgown as soft as washed silk, the plastic of her diaper rustled softly underneath. Teresa chuckled gently at the sound, something so insignificant now a thread in a tapestry of comfort that made her baby's life. Embroidered yellow rosebuds trailed the neck, cuffs and hem of the nightgown, Teresa running her fingers over the fine work as her daughter suckled at her breast.

Wide open, little pale green eyes held flecks of blue sea, their final color still uncertain. Sable lashes hinted auburn, in sunlight. The baby caught her mother's gaze and broke into an open milky smile as she paused at the breast. She gurgled a greeting, tiny hand waving in the air before giving the breast a couple baby pats, then gripping it and shutting her eyes again, a rim of lash resting on each pink cheek. Noisily, she sucked the sweet wet that filled her belly and lulled her peacefully into the hands of sleep, warm and snug in the arms of her mother.

Teresa didn't want to put her down, singing a wordless tune to the sleeping daughter she rocked in her arms. She couldn't go out tonight . . . "Anna," she whispered before feathering a kiss to the child's forehead.

"Sandy will take good care of her . . ." Patrick's fingers swept the dark fuzz that passed for hair on his daughter's head. "It's only a few hours. Anna will sleep. She'll never miss us." When he bent, it was to kiss his wife and let his breath wash over her neck, watching the flesh rise.

"I know. It's just . . ."

"The first time. Yes. Me, too."

When Teresa looked at him, Patrick's eyes were moist with the same tears as hers. But his smile was broad and inviting.

"I'm going to be brave . . . for my wife. I want to show her a good time, focus only on her for a while. On myself, with you, tonight."

Teresa snickered and then sniffed her unshed tears away, rising from the chair, her husband's supporting hand sliding along the flesh under her arm. "I want that, too."

When she stood, Patrick shifted behind her and let his hands drift down her ribs, long fingertips brushing the sides of her breasts before they rested at her hips, tracing cushiony circles at the edges of her belly.

Teresa's breath caught before she sighed, "Sandy's a good woman."

"Mmmmm." He kissed one side of her neck to the ear.

"Capable. Reliable."

"Mmmmm." His attentions shifted to the other side and he nibbled the ear lobe. "Trustworthy."

"Very. And we won't be going far."

"Practically just around the corner. Are you ready?"

Soft blue jeans on Patrick's narrow hips . . . tee shirt like silky sky, supple now from many washes, hugging his broad shoulders . . . lidded eyes picking up a low blue spark as he drove her . . . her husband's rolling hips . . . magnetic current charging an electric cushion of air that both drew her hips and thwarted her need to press against his . . . He would entice her to madness, make her follow but not touch her there. Warm lust fogging her senses . . . his large, delicate hand firm in the small of her back, guiding their command of the dance floor . . . his command. The low light blurred in a colorful hypnotic fog. Teresa managed to wonder how he did this . . . this . . . this . . . before the thought dissolved to mist and her hips followed his, paired rolling waves on the dance floor.

The restaurant was a nice local bar with a dance floor and flame-grilled steaks renowned throughout the county. The band was a glowing jukebox with a modern sound system. A simple first anniversary celebration made it easier to get away this first time. Simple was extraordinary with Teresa. His wife. Their tiny new daughter lay snug in their favorite neighbor's care for a few hours. Both of their hearts twinged at this first separation, but Patrick

was determined to romance Teresa's thoughts from the first step out the door, drawing them into the smoky love that had created amazing happiness.

When she pressed her breasts to his chest Teresa's breath hitched in his ear and released in a soft moan. He responded with a low, pursuing hum. Thumb hooked into the waist of her jeans, Patrick controlled the jut of her hips, nuzzling her ear at her exasperated hiss. "You're all heat, Teresa. If I let you rub me there, I am not responsible for what could happen on this dance floor."

Her laugh was sultry, and teasing, as he swept her away.

It was an early night when they hustled each other home, feeding the baby as they drove from Sandy's, tucking their sweet infant into her crib, still asleep.

Teresa left Patrick to finish his goodnights with Anna, switched on some music in the living room and scurried to the kitchen to open the champagne she'd stashed in the fridge last week. Plunging it into a canister of slurried ice, she draped the neck in a thick kitchen towel.

"Mmmmm, champagne . . . sneaky little fox!" Patrick caught her waist and pulled her tight for a kiss, running his hands under her blouse, feathering ribs until her stomach quivered. "Now you can rub on me all you want . . ." He nipped the flesh behind her ear. "And you've put the empty flour crock to excellent use!"

"Heaven knows it will never see flour!"

They both giggled. Disentangling, she set the champagne on the coffee table and lifted the towel with a flourish. "Just a homey little Jane anniversary celebration."

Patrick fondled a globe of her bottom and flopped onto the couch. "You open it." He unbuttoned and unzipped.

Teresa's cheeks flared and her eyes narrowed to smoldering coal. "Need more room?"

"I suddenly felt light-headed . . . you do that to me, Teresa . . . reroute my blood in a big way . . ." Winking, he adjusted himself, savoring the sight of her nimble little fingers unfastening the cage around the champagne cork.

She licked her lips, murmuring low for his ears only. "Big is right . . ." She imagined the slippery, tight fit and nearly tossed the bottle, hungry to jump him. Instead, turning to the side, Teresa expertly eased the cork loose. With a soft 'pop,' it fell onto the table and rolled. Vapor slithered from the bottle's neck, rolling down her fingers with a little foam. She licked it off. Patrick lifted glasses for her to pour and they toasted their first year of marriage, he propped on his elbow and she standing.

A new song started, Texas swing. Bolting the last of her glass, she gave a little cough and wiped her lip with a finger. Teresa held her hands to her husband, wiggling her fingers. "Swing me around the dance floor again, love." She pulled him up.

Patrick started to zip up, but his wife's delicate touch stayed his hand.

"No . . ." It flowed from her breath, all air. ". . . that's not necessary . . ."

Picking up the rhythm, they danced. Patrick sought her hips, pressing his against them, rubbing as they moved around the room. His jeans slumped down his hips and he slowed. Teresa pressed the swollen column of meat beneath his thin briefs, her fleshy mons sliding along its length when he dipped her. A growling purr and he straightened, looping her arms around his neck, freeing his hands to unfasten her jeans and push them to the tops of her knees. He didn't dip her again but, cradling her as she leaned back in his arms, he found the valley of her swollen sex and pressed himself against the warm, covered cavity until the lips parted for his cock.

"Frottage . . ." A moan from deep in her throat.

He pressed harder, whining in her ear, "Unnnnff, speak some more French."

"I don't know any." Not interested in conversation.

"Never mind. I don't care!" Cupping Teresa's ass and pulling her tight to his body, Patrick rubbed in the moist fabric of her panties until they were both gasping.

"N-now!" She was almost limp in his arms, barely standing.

Gripping her hips at each side, Patrick changed the angle of thrust to poke her clit with his plump glans. His scalp tingled as his hair tried to stand on end.

"More!" She dug her fingernails into his sides and looked down to watch what he was doing, her back bowed tight to give him access. "Patrick!"

He lost his head, stabbing the hard nub, twisting against it, surrendering to the insistent, instinctual pursuit of his own orgasm.

"Câ€"câ€"comi-!" She snapped like a firecracker and the thrusts of her orgasm pushed him over the edge.

"Oh! Oh, god . . . Teresa . . ."

Ecstasy soaking them, he pulled her to the couch where they collapsed, catching their breath.

After a few minutes, Teresa gave Patrick's thigh a couple loud pats.

He moved his leg to let her up.

"Shower."

"I'll join you."

"Nnnmm, no. I'll go first. I've still got a surprise for you . . ."

Narrowing her eyes, she wiggled her eyebrows at him. "Give you time to . . . recover."

"I doubt I'll need that . . ." A clean hand towel landed on his face.

A warm mist trailed Teresa, wrapped in a shorty robe as she left the bath's muted light. She didn't look at Patrick, but said softly, "Leave the lights low, sweetie."

Toweling dry after his shower, Patrick noticed a smoky scent through the partially open bathroom door. Perfumed candles. She was in a romantic mood. He grinned as his heart sped up. Nothing could have prepared him for the sight of Teresa as he entered their bedroom, naked.

She lay across the bottom of the bed, nude in candlelight, blushing skin aglow with moist heat. Her silky hair was a haphazard chocolate wash, shifting as she raised her head, looking for his reaction. Patrick's blood rushed when he saw the carmine slash of her lips.

Stilettos the color of venous blood on her feet, one leg opened to him when she braced a spike in the mattress. Nails painted carmine wiggled in the open toes. Warm candleglow touched shadows, highlighting the squashed globes of pretty ass peeking under her beautiful vulva, the hood prominent over her swollen clit. The divine juncture. The other shapely calf dangled wide over the corner, swinging lazily. The wanton pose displayed her luscious breasts, pulling her back into an arch that hollowed her abdomen and outlined the edges of her delicate ribcage. A small tuft of dark hair adorned the mound of her pubis.

Standing in front of the dark, misting doorway and eyeing Teresa in presentation, Jane's cock rose to full attention in three seconds. They both giggled. Her eyes narrowed with heat and she gave a low feminine growl, making him bob where he stood as she restlessly opened and closed the leg perched on the bed. Jane's eyes looked glassy in his flushed face, and his mouth loosened to a leer as he continued to stare.

"Teresa!" Licking his lips, he finally looked at her face.

One hand on her raised knee, Teresa curled sideways a little and stretched for him with the other, carmine fingernails glimmering on beckoning fingertips. "Hurry."

Her inviting eyes dilated, deep and dark, their beautiful green lost in the distance. His gaze shifted to the pink glistening core Teresa opened as he moved toward her. They made gentle powerful love, clinging to one another long after release and separation.

A last bathroom trip, night things tossed on and they sighed together in lightly scented sheets. Spent, they slept, drifting through midnight into the deep velvet of unknowable dreams.

Asleep and unaware, Teresa smiled. Familiar warmth suffused her skin from behind, cushioning her back, bottom and legs. It meant safety, love, home and sleep without care. At first a sweetness in the void, it quickly became a seam of heat and then, perspiration. She wanted

to shift away. Distress poked the surface of her slumber as she tried to position a leg for traction. Her body was pinned! She couldn't move, her shoulders just as immobile as her legs.

Frustration, then a low, vibrating panic with no target made her want to escape the featureless state that had been a comfort. Teresa's twilight mind surfaced when a soft grunting breath blew over her ear, stirring hair into her face. The tickling strands woke her, reflexively shaking her head to dispel them. Arms pinned, she couldn't move a hand to her face.

Of course it was Patrick, pressed against her back and hips, leg wrapping hers, gripping with his heel. It didn't hurt. Clinging, the small sounds in his throat signaled fear and need. Pulling her close, his arm crossed her ribs where his hand cupped a breast, squeezing it in a gentle rhythm. Overheating in his restraint, Teresa was about five seconds from a thrashing freak-out. Calm down. Control your breathing. You know he doesn't know what he's doing. He's dreaming.

Fully erect and easing up her thigh, Patrick was still asleep. It was strangely arousing. Teresa wished she could peer into his dream, see who was receiving this desperate sexual embrace in that realm. When he dreamed of a woman, her first thought was always, Angela. And then, a stab of sadness. Although he had never called out Angela's name.

He started groaning high with each quickening thrust and then whispered her name, "Teresa . . ."

Teresa smiled. At least she was the woman in his dream. She could tell he was close to orgasm. He said it again, moaning at the end as if he couldn't find her.

She took pity and spoke quietly, "Patrick. Patrick! Wake up, sweetheart. I'm right here." He exhaled a question in breath, but she didn't understand him. "Patrick. Baby! Wake up. You're dreaming."

He stopped, angling his torso away and swiping his hand over his sweaty face, waking.

Free to the waist, Teresa turned to look at him over her shoulder.

"Oh. Oh!" His hips moved again, pressing his cock, rubbing it on her resilient flesh, leg still wrapped around hers, his foot holding it in place. "Teresa. I'm so hard. My nuts . . . I'm about to come."

"I know. You were dreaming. When I woke up, you had me in a death grip, hot and sweaty, groaning and humping my leg with that bad boy all massive and hard." Her smile was teasing and a bit predatory. "I couldn't even move to get on it!"

He rubbed her again.

"What were you dreaming, Patrick?"

"Making love to you. We were walking . . . and I was behind you . . . and your hips were pumping, all fleshy and heart-shaped from behind. You made my dick hard and next thing I knew, we were in thick soft

grass . . ."

"So, you gave me a good roll in the hay?"

He laughed. "Yes, I guess so. It was one of those lunging things. Your body . . . the way you move . . . you drove me out of my mind. I think I just went all caveman. Sorry." He still had her leg, pushing in a soft rhythm, as hard as ever but not so urgent.

"You seemed so desperate. At least you were dreaming about me."

Patrick's face registered a passing confusion before softening into sadness. "Suddenly, you weren't there . . . I thought I saw you in the distance, walking to the end of the horizon, like you would drop off the edge of the earth and . . . I'd never see you again . . . awful. I couldn't keep you with me. I tried to hold on . . . hold you close." His voice cracked a little before he looked away to gain control of himself.

His old fear. "Why tonight, do you think?"

"I don't know . . . milestones, maybe . . ."

"Yeah. First anniversary . . . new baby. New wife. Life has really changed for us."

"I know it could all be gone in a moment." He stroked her cheek, turning her to look at his face, reassuring. "Teresa . . . really . . . I rarely think about that. And when I do, I can cope with it. But, it's real . . . you know?"

Nodding, she turned for his engulfing hug. "You can't help what you dream."

His sigh was too big and deep to be anything but relief. This was the right time for Teresa to confess, "I'm always afraid you're dreaming about Angela . . . wanting her."

"What?"

"Since we're telling the truth . . ."

"That's your first thought?" He smiled and kissed her forehead. "No. Not when you're here, alive in our bed, in my life. It's you I always dream of that way."

"Yeah?" Her gaze lowered shyly, but she beamed happiness. Then her round green eyes rolled up to look straight into his. "You don't _ever_ think about Angela â€“ want her and Charlotte, I mean . . . instead of me and Anna?"

Patrick slowly shook his head. "I don't know how to explain it, except that Angela and Charlotte are gone and I accept that. Of course I really miss them sometimes, but not like you're thinking. Like a substitution? That's impossible."

"Oh. I think I understand a bit better. Thank you."

"This is my life now. And I don't know if anyone can even imagine how

happy I am. How grateful . . . and sometimes, how afraid I am to lose everything again. But I'm happy, Teresa, happy! I love you. My heart is not torn between old and new in any way." He pulled her close for a kiss.

The sweetest kiss . . . could go on forever. She managed a breath before she kissed him again. "I love you, Patrick. It's all right to be who you are, even when it's not . . . convenient, or makes me mad in the moment. I'll get over it. I know how hard you try, how much you've accomplished actually. I'd never leave you for being afraid to lose me. Just keep talking to me, like you have been."

"I will. We will."

Her hand traveled the skin of his sleek waist to the meaty part of his lower back, rubbing, fingernails lightly scratching where the globes of his fine round ass met. "And you can have caveman dreams about me anytime . . ."

"No stopping that." He teathed on her nipple playfully and filled his hands with the rounds of her bottom, squeezing and pulling the flesh. "You are a hot piece of ass, Teresa. I love you. I still want you."

"So I can feel . . . Just so you know . . . I'm interested." Reaching between them, she slipped her hand into his briefs, light fingers stroking his erection until he was trembling. They traced the satiny veins, the crinkles in the skin below and the plump head. Then Teresa gripped the shaft.

Patrick hissed as if seared.

"So hard, caveman. I want it just like your dream." Her voice almost rumbled with lust.

As he rose to kneel over her, she tugged his underwear over his cock, catching the glistening head for a greedy, humming suck before she shoved the shorts to his knees. When she lifted her hips to take her panties down, he blocked her hands and paused, licking his lips and listening to Teresa's breath, so heavy with the damp of want. His nails scratched the gossamer fabric as he slipped a hand through each silky leg opening, curled them tight, and pulled steadily until the tension popped a stitch.

"Tear them," he heard her whisper. The sound was an implosion, collapsing his focus to balls full of seed and the rod that served them. "Rip them away!"

The flimsy material rent easily and they both gasped at the sound. Then he was on her, kissing her lips, trying to keep from bruising them, distracted by his own hand, the fingers that found her wet and hot, how she moved to get them inside her while he delayed, tapping and toying with the tip when he forced her clit out of its hood. Teresa moaned and writhed under his fingers, thrown across the threshold to the primal chaos that precedes the organized pulses of orgasm.

She lost track of Patrick's movement as he worked her into a frenzy. Her body snapped and strained, and she demanded through set teeth, "I need you inside me!"

"Oh, god-d-d damn!" Inside, Teresa was sweet sucking fire. He wrestled with her dragon as it ravaged him and then slithered up his spine, drawing out his own, a round-backed sweet serpent, softly grunting, coiling with her. As she moved her hips, his lust flared to white phosphorus and he followed her into the conflagration.

Teresa's eyes were heavy with pleasure when she gazed at her lover's face, expecting strain, an effort to hold back until she finally came. Instead his expression was ecstatic, responding to the sensation of moving inside her, joy breathing her name through the smile on his parted lips. If he hadn't been so flushed and sweaty . . . well, and fucking her . . . he'd seem . . . angelic. Sweaty gold-tinged curls fell forward, brushing her brow when he bent to kiss her while he pumped and dug, rolling at the bottom of every thrust as if seeking a path to shelter himself in her womb._ He was angelic!_ "Patri-_huh _._. e_ro_tic . . . _an_gel . . ."

Her huffing murmur of love filled his chest with raw joy, a feeling that spread into his back, open and free like sprouting wings . . . "Angel-maker!"

When their eyes met, his were full of sea green sparks, rolling under droopy lids. He quivered, trembling with need and wanting every moment of it. Instinct drove the angle of Teresa's hips and she rode underneath Patrick as she needed â€“ fast and chaotic, sharing the same sexual delirium that had one climactic end for them both. She remembered the kisses from her wedding day, joyful, passionate. And when he'd given her sweet pecks on the lips after saying they should elope. A blur of pleasure, they raced by, quickening her core, switching off her thoughts.

He lost all sense as she cried out, her body frozen but squeezing him inside, pulsing. "So much pleasure, Teresaâ€", he managed to gasp before he came so hard, he almost blacked out. He filled her convulsing hips with the rich juice that had made their first child and could make another.

End
file.